

Name	Description	Section	Amt
Township 15 Range 20			
C. CharltonAll	1	39.30
Wm. R. BittmanNE 1/4 & S 1/4	2	32.90
C. CharltonNW 1/4	3	8.90
C. CharltonAll	4	39.30
Wedman A. StearnsN 1/2 NE 1/4, W 1/2 S 1/2 SE 1/4	5	39.30
Emma PulverS 1/2 NE 1/4, N 1/2 SE 1/4	6	11.15
C. CharltonAll	7	39.30
L. A. WrightW 1/2 SE 1/4	13	28.10
L. A. WrightAll	23	39.30
Louis C. BieselE 1/2 NE 1/4, & W 1/2 NW 1/4 & S 1/2	24	38.10
J. E. EvansW 1/2 NE 1/4, E 1/2 NW 1/4	24	9.62
C. V. TurpieN 1/2 SW 1/4	27	39.30
C. V. TurpieAll	28	40.40
C. V. TurpieAll	29	39.30
C. V. TurpieW 1/2	32	22.70
C. V. TurpieAll	33	39.30
Township 16 Range 20			
Herman LuncheonE 1/2 E 1/2 & SW 1/4	2	47.94
Charlotte I. WoodwardAll	3	145.95
Ernest E. KelsarNW 1/4	4	18.30
W. L. MajorowiczAll	11	45.50
Frank BlevinsE 1/2	12	24.40
Wesley BlevinsW 1/2 E 1/2	14	41.90
A. J. SallaburyAll	19	57.06
McDonald State BankW 1/2	20	19.50
William B. MarzW 1/2	24	15.08
Thos. W. RayneNE 1/4 & N 1/2 SE 1/4	26	21.10
Roy L. BayneNW 1/4 & W 1/2 SW 1/4	26	17.35
Byran FletcherAll	29	40.90
Byran FletcherAll	30	43.42
P. D. GreeleyN 1/2 & SE 1/4	32	25.75
McDonald State BankSW 1/4	32	8.57
C. CharltonAll	33	38.01
C. CharltonNE 1/4	34	9.51
Township 16 Range 30			
Hattie SunderlandW 1/2 SW 1/4	2	9.11
Hattie SunderlandE 1/2	3	56.51
Howard Simmes EstateNE 1/4 & E 1/2 NW 1/4 & NE 1/4 SW 1/4 & NE 1/4 SE 1/4	6	34.71
Alma E. SimmsSW 1/4 SE 1/4	6	4.54
Hattie SunderlandW 1/2 NE 1/4	10	9.11
Eliza StevensW 1/2 SW 1/4	10	9.11
James C. StuartSE 1/4, SE 1/4 SW 1/4	12	22.14
James C. StuartS 1/2 SW 1/4 & S 1/2 SE 1/4	13	11.73
James C. StuartNW 1/4 NE 1/4 & N 1/2 SW 1/4	24	10.71
Royal S. StuckyS 1/2 NW 1/4, SW 1/4	28	53.94
Carl CrumroySW 1/4	31	57.59
S. E. JohnsonN 1/2 NE 1/4	33	9.11
Royal S. StuckyN 1/2 NW 1/4	33	9.11
Lizzie BenkoskyE 1/2 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 SE 1/4	34	13.68
Stephen JohnsonW 1/2 NE 1/4, N 1/2 NW 1/4	34	22.60
Lizzie BenkoskyNW 1/4 SW 1/4	35	4.67
Township 16 Range 30			
Frances KanoufN 1/2 & E 1/2 SE 1/4	8	28.80
Carson FurnishSE 1/4	11	26.60
G. A. SchrecongostSE 1/4 SW 1/4 & SE 1/4 SW 1/4	12	56.40
Wilmeta FilbertW 1/2 SE 1/4	18	27.22
Wilmeta FilbertNW 1/4	20	21.26
Charles W. DillonSW 1/4	20	14.03
Charles W. DillonN 1/2 & SE 1/4	29	44.00
Township 11 Range 30			
N. H. KronquestAll	4	50.22
N. H. KronquestAll	5	47.73
Stella McGuireAll	5	47.73
Nels V. AndersonNE 1/4 & S 1/2	8	31.51
Austin L. FletcherW 1/2 NE 1/4	10	7.37
Walter P. VotawW 1/2 NE 1/4 & W 1/2 S 1/2	10	27.71
N. B. LegasSE 1/4	10	10.83
Mils P. HalladayNW 1/4	15	22.03
J. A. RibletS 1/2 NE 1/4 & E 1/2 SE 1/4	18	10.23
Mary E. SimmonsSE 1/4	18	4.91
A. ShoemithSE 1/4	19	10.23
S. B. MansfieldNW 1/4	20	10.23

Township 15 Range 30			
G. A. SchrecongostSE 1/4	24	12.00
M. E. CollinsAll	5	53.90
H. R. BallardSE 1/4	6	10.24
Joseph BlackwellNE 1/4	12	45.57
Joseph C. JohnsonSW 1/4	12	46.47
Quat BrantingSW 1/4	13	46.95
N. E. BuckleySE 1/4	14	43.75
N. E. BuckleyAll	15	100.95
Wm. J. CollinsNE 1/4	22	39.16
Quat BrantingAll	23	127.00
O. DuckworthS 1/2 NE 1/4 & SE 1/4	24	18.85
Township 15 Range 30			
Christina WiltonPt. N 1/2 SW 1/4 NW 1/4	3	9.75
W. T. BanksPt. Lot 5 & S 1/2	8	115.90
Eva RoddyPt. Lot 2	9	59
Walter F. CarlsonLots 8 & 11	12	14.77
Walter F. CarlsonW 1/2 E 1/2	13	57.42
Camilla L. BellE 1/2 & E 1/2 W 1/2	16	28.18
Jennie RyanW 1/2 W 1/2	16	74.26
Jennie RyanE 1/2	17	128.80
Thomas E. DoolittleW 1/2	18	132.93
James McClymontW 1/2	22	81.65
H. T. WoodgatePt. Lot 1	24	101.59
James McClymontW 1/2	26	28.59
James McClymontE 1/2	27	26.58
Township 14 Range 30			
M. E. HokeskieAll	4	14.96
James A. ShawSE 1/4	4	27.27
Ralph H. FordNW 1/4 NE 1/4 & N 1/2 NW 1/4 & S 1/2 NW 1/4	12	13.81
John BrattN 1/2 NW 1/4 & SE 1/4 NW 1/4 & NE 1/4 SW 1/4	16	17.93
Marion H. EvansNW 1/4 & NW 1/4 SE 1/4	17	37.47
Wm. R. PittmanPt. Lot 1	21	7.03
H. N. HartPt. N 1/2	31	300.27
Wm. HatleyW 1/2 E 1/2 SW 1/4 & W 1/2 SW 1/4	31	309.86
Township 15 Range 30			
Frank MichealAll	3	59.26
Chris JohnsonAll	4	50.51
Chas. HartmanNE 1/4	5	5.42
C. J. HamotNE 1/4	6	12.05
Chas. HartmanNW 1/4 & N 1/2 SW 1/4	6	14.11
Mary McDonaldS 1/2 SW 1/4, W 1/2 SE 1/4	6	12.39
W. H. McDonaldE 1/2 SE 1/4	6	5.04
P. O. QualleyAll	9	58.60
R. W. HillsAll	15	49.84
L. H. HutchensW 1/2 NW 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4	18	11.13
N. KelsoN 1/2 NE 1/4	22	7.03
John WeldonNE 1/4	23	14.30
Isaac L. FeaselSE 1/4	26	21.72
Isaac L. FeaselAll	25	49.73
Township 16 Range 30			
Harry P. StevensAll	3	51.75
Fred BodieW 1/2	7	24.46
Fred B. HartmanAll	9	37.28
Harry P. StevensAll	10	72.40
Harry P. StevensAll	11	32.55
D. J. GreeleyAll	12	32.18
D. J. GreeleyAll	13	72.40
Harry P. StevensAll	15	32.55
D. T. DeenardNE 1/4	19	12.77
D. W. MonenE 1/2 & SW 1/4	20	38.80
Harry P. StevensE 1/2 & SW 1/4	21	27.77
M. L. WelliverNW 1/4	21	8.05
John BrattAll	26	37.26
Adam E. DonaldsonAll	29	52.06
Chas. HartmanN 1/2 SE 1/4	32	48.69
Caroline BeltonSW 1/4	32	18.48
Township 11 Range 32			
George AndersonN 1/2 & SE 1/4	2	35.45
Edwin G. HudsonNW 1/4	8	13.90
Heirs of David FogartAll	18	9.41
Robert M. DowellNE 1/4	20	6.80
E. A. BrownNE 1/4	22	23.91
H. E. WilsonNE 1/4 & S 1/2	25	20.20
H. A. LatimerAll	28	42.00
John WagnerAll	30	51.25
W. T. ErwinS 1/2 SW 1/4 & SE 1/4	32	24.31

TELLS OF ARMY WORK IN STATE

Salvation for Men and Women Found in Cleanliness Says Brigadier.

Omaha, Nebraska. The aims and purposes of the Salvation Army, as they have been followed during the past forty years of his association with it, were recently outlined by Brigadier William Andrews, newly appointed Chief Divisional Officer for Iowa and Nebraska.

"The Salvation Army advocates soup, soap and Salvation," said Brigadier Andrews. "The very first thing a man, who is down, needs is something to sustain the inner man; the next thing he needs is to be made clean, from this point the matter of winning him back to respectability is made easy."

"The Salvation Army knows of no case in its history where the heart of either man or woman has not been reached by these methods. It knows of no degree of despair or degeneracy where the subject may not be lifted up and out of his or her condition by Christian love."

"The Salvation Army is first of all a religious institution, seeking to win the souls of men; its second prime purpose is service to humanity. This second purpose takes us to the farthest points of the compass, into sixty-four countries and the square deal is preached to men in thirty-two different tongues."

"Each of the sixteen major activities of the Salvation Army was born of an urgent need which the Army found it within their province to supply. Take for instance, the Salvation Army industrial homes. In these homes, by means of waste material and waste men we obtain two tangible results, first the support of the man and the retention of his self respect. Second by sorting rags, repairing old furniture, clothing, shoes and by caining chairs the poor are supplied with needed articles at a song."

Then, again, the Salvation Army found that in all populated centers throughout the country, especially in winter time, there are great numbers of homeless men out of work. This was more particularly so when the country was wet. These men would float around like driftwood on the water, without money or friends; human derelicts so to speak. We found that we could help in the regeneration of these men most effectively by establishing Salvation Army lodging houses where for a dime or fifteen cents a man might obtain a bed, a bath and a place where he might launder his soiled clothes to begin the next day anew. In many of these hotels in cities like Chicago and New York and Des Moines, coffee and rolls were furnished without extra cost.

Annually through its religious open-air and other services the Salvation Army reclaims approximately 60,000 potential Bolsheviks.

The Salvation Army early in its existence found out that it was comparatively easy to influence girls to change their lives from lives of shame but that these girls when left in their old surroundings of commercialized vice soon drifted back to a kind-hearted Salvation Army Lassie opened up her home to the former inmates of the home district in London. This was the beginning of our present maternity work and now in the United States only, we care for 6,000 child mothers and their babes in our Maternity homes, one of which is located in Des Moines.

Post war conditions have not lessened but greatly increased the demands on the Salvation Army for aid. We have presented these to our State Advisory Board composed of Hon. A. L. Sutton, Chairman, H. R. Bowen, Joseph Rapp, Dr. Floyd Clark, Alton H. Tukey, Walter W. Head, Hon. Ed P. Smith, Robert S. Trimble, A. C. Scott, Hon. John L. Kennedy, Dr. E. C. Henry, Robert H. Manley, Hon. Charles Leslie, Hon. W. G. Sears.

INTEREST IN OLD MANSES

Traveler Finds Atmosphere of Romance Surrounds Picturesque Abodes of Eastern States.

Vacation pilgrims traveling by automobile or trolley or pursuing the less exhilarating but more tranquil joy of exploring country highways and byways on foot or drawn by some faithful old Dobbin have singled out about every structure or locality famous in song, story and history. Wayside inns, taverns, military headquarters, churches and the birthplaces of celebrities have all come in for their share of worship.

There is, however, one species of landmark which seems to have escaped the special attention of those interested in relics of our pious forefathers—the old manses of New England and the middle states. The rectory or parsonage of today was known in the time of our ancestors by the old Scotch title of manse.

At first thought it might seem that no more particular interest would hover about these ancient manses than about any of the picturesque homes of an earlier century. Indeed it is not so much in outward appearance that they are to be set apart, but because of an intangible atmosphere of sacred romance surrounding them—invisible "clouds of glory" trailing back to the days when the manse played a most important part in the life of the community. Furthermore each of these old ministerial dwellings has a story all of its own. It was by accident I discovered this, and now whenever happy chance takes me to a new locality the first place I hunt up is the manse.—Chicago Daily News.

BUILT IN HONOR OF BUDDHA

Hill Temple of Boro-Budor in Java is One of the Marvels of the World Today.

The hill temple of Boro-Budor in Java is one of the most gigantic and finest works ever reared by the ancients. It represents more human labor and artistic skill than the great pyramid of Egypt. Said Alfred R. Wallace, the scientist: "The human labor and skill expended on Boro-Budor is so great that that expended on the great pyramid sinks into insignificance."

The temple was built about the seventh century of our era. It stands in Central Java, originally a monument of Buddha. The ashes of Buddha, originally divided into eight parts and buried in eight different places, were disinterred and re-divided into 84,000 parts, which were placed in vases and distributed all over his dominions.

When Buddhist missionaries went to Java in the seventh century they carried with them one of these vases. As a fitting receptacle for the vase, Boro-Budor temple, the finest piece of architecture in the then known world, and one which has never been rivaled since, was erected.

Candles on Toast!

An adult Eskimo is capable of consuming twenty pounds of flesh and oil daily. A Yakut will wash down this quantity of flesh with a quart or two of train-oil, and take as dessert a dozen tallow candles.

A famous naturalist, who cooked part of a boneconstrictor, declared that it tasted very much like veal. On another occasion he tested crocodile and pronounced the flesh excellent.

Frobisher and Settle both commented on the way the inhabitants around Hudson's Bay used to eat grass. "Such grass," says Settle, "as the country produce, they pluck up and eat, not daintily or salad-wise, but like brute beasts."

Humboldt tells of men living on the banks of the Orinoco who eat earth. They knead the earth into balls of from four to six inches in diameter, and bake them before a slow fire.

"Piazas"

"Piazas" I have written throughout, and I insist upon the name as I insist upon the thing. It is not very clear from what suggestions our forefathers, in post-colonial days, developed the thing, and it is not clear at all how they came to adopt for it an Italian name, changing the significance as well as the sound.

In the South they have always said "gallery," and here at the North "poch," now appears to be displacing "piazza." But these are rightly the names of other things, and while there can, of course, be no objection to the orthodox English "veranda," it seems a pity to abandon a distinctively American name for a distinctively American kind of veranda.—Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer in Scribner's Magazine.

Silver Fox Hard to Catch.

On Mount Whitney and its white crested neighbors of the stupendous Sierra Nevada, within sight of burning Death valley, and at the portals of semitropic southern California, says the Philadelphia Record, trappers and sportsmen are gradually discovering that wild life teems in variety and numbers as in few if any other regions of similar proportions on the globe. The rarest of its treasures for milady is the silver fox. Of these there have been captured half a dozen worth from \$500 to \$1,000 each, and many of smaller value. The silver fox's coat is coal black, with a luster of burnished white metal, and a white tip to the tail. Apparently it is quite abundant in the place referred to, but extremely difficult to catch.

In Time of Need

By ALVAH J. GARTH
(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

Morris Davenal stood spellbound viewing a scene that seemed so lovely, yet grim, that he almost deemed himself under a delusion. He had been camping on the banks of a river, occupying a rude board shanty, and had cut across what seemed to be the extensive grounds of a great, gloomy mansion. At the edge of a glade a fitting figure had crossed his range of vision.

It was nearly midnight, and the moonlight filtered down in a silvery flood and showed a form girlish, full of natural grace, and a face the outlines of which were perfect. She drew within the shadow of a towering elm tree and stood motionless, her ear bent, her gaze fixed.

She made a gesture of keen disappointment as no one appeared.

Beyond the tree a man, evidently a worker about the grounds, suddenly came into view. He halted, applied a whistle to his lips and blew an echoing trill. The girl hurried in the direction of the house to be confronted by a second man, past middle age, who regarded her with sternness, almost anger.

"You will not be warned!" Davenal heard him say, and there was the venom of menace in his tones.

"Please stand aside," spoke the girl in icy tones. "I will return to my room."

"And stay there, if you are wise," observed the man. "You are trying to play me false. Be careful—you know the penalty!"

Davenal delivered a deep breath like one seeing an entrancing picture fade into nothingness. The scene remained imprinted on his memory all the way to his temporary home near the river. He entered the dilapidated old shack and sat for an hour lost in meditation. Finally he aroused himself and walked over to a cupboard.

"Again!" he muttered, as its shelves came into view, and the puzzled exclamation expressed his wonderment that, for the second time within twenty-four hours, someone had entered the place and had made away with food in the cupboard.

Davenal threw himself on his couch, but memory of the fair girl in the moonlight remained for a long time. He finally slumbered, to rouse up at early daylight as a groan disturbed him. It was repeated, apparently from an attic overhead. Davenal went to a corner where cleats were nailed along the wall, ascended these and glanced about the confined space under the roof.

A human form was stretched out upon a heap of old rags, moving uneasily, with closed eyes. Davenal fancied this must be the despoiler of his food supply. He noticed that one foot of the intruder was swathed in a bandage. He touched his arm. Instantly the other, a young man of presentable appearance, although he looked haggard and distressed, awoke.

"Who are you?" challenged Davenal. It was only after persistent questioning that Davenal was able to gain the confidence of the stowaway. He helped him below, prepared a meal and attended to a bad cut on one foot, the result of falling over a keener-edged scythe.

Finally the stranger told his story. He was Earle Wilton, and his visit to the vicinity was to secretly meet his sister, Adrienne. She was a captive in the power of an unprincipled guardian, who hoped to gain her fortune by forcing her to marry him.

"I received a letter concerning the situation of affairs," Wilton told Davenal, "but had to proceed with caution. Wolfe Dubrow's hold on my sister was his claim that he had proof of my committing a forgery of my father's name before he died. It is false, but he has the power to imprison me. In sixty days Adrienne will be of age and can defy him. 'If I were not thus crippled I could convey her to a safe hiding place.'"

"Let me help you," eagerly pleaded Davenal, at once divining that Miss Adrienne Wilton was the fair girl of the moonlight episode.

An hour later, appeared in his most commonplace attire, Davenal strolled by the Dubrow place. The man with the whistle of the night previous halted him. Was he looking for work? Was he willing to put in a forenoon's labor on the lawn for a dollar? and soon Davenal had located the room which Miss Wilton occupied and had also spied a long ladder in the barn of the place.

Then he went back to the river shack, planned with Earle Wilton what they should do, made arrangements to have an automobile on hand after dark, had Wilton write a note to his sister, and at midnight helped the startled and excited girl captive down the ladder, hastened to the shack and they were miles away before daylight.

Davenal accompanied brother and sister to a retired village, saw them comfortably settled and left them filled with gratitude for his helpful attention. Twice he revisited them during the next two months.

The day when her coming of age released her legally from the care of her guardian, Adrienne Wilton wrote Davenal of the fact and asked his advice and co-operation as to her further action in regard to her estate.

Davenal secured a lawyer and the baffled Wolfe Dubrow was compelled to relinquish his evil schemes. By that time Davenal and Adrienne had become something more than friends, and ere the end of the year she had a lifetime guardian.

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